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NOMAD™

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NOMAD™

AMERICAN DREAMERS

PART III

DIRECT EDITION

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America. ***Stan Lee presents*** **NOMAD**

AMERICAN DREAMERS

PART TWO

88

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THE SHADY REST NURSING HOME IN CLUTIER, IOWA...

IS THIS WHAT HER LIFE BOILS DOWN TO?

SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO FIGHT FOR US, WHEN JILL AND I WERE CHILDREN...

...AND SHE DOESN'T HAVE IT TO FIGHT FOR HERSELF NOW THAT WE'RE ADULTS.

MY MOTHER, THE VEGETABLE.

MARY ELLEN MONROE'S SILENCE ABOUT MY FATHER'S INVOLVEMENT IN A STATESIDE NAZI ORGANIZATION LED A LITTLE BOY NAMED JACK TO ACCIDENTALLY REVEAL THE TRUTH TO THE FBI.

AND AS DADDY AND MOMMY WERE TAKEN AWAY, LITTLE JACK'S LIFE--AND THAT OF HALF THE CHILDREN IN CLUTIER--WERE RUINED FOREVER.

1090

Shady Rest NURSING HOME

HOW LONG HAS SHE BEEN LIKE THIS?

FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS NOW. SHE HAD A PRETTY BAD STROKE.

WHEN DID SHE--WHEN WAS SHE LET OUT OF PRISON?

IN 1975, DADDY DIED IN HIS JAIL CELL IN 1963. CANCER, THEY SAID.

JILL--I NEVER MEANT--I DIDN'T WANT THIS...

I KNOW JACKIE--I *KNOW*.

I LOVED YOU--EVEN AFTER WE WERE SEPARATED INTO DIFFERENT *FOSTER HOMES*--I STILL--I'VE *ALWAYS* LOVED YOU.

WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO US? WHY WERE OUR LIVES DESTROYED LIKE THIS?

BECAUSE I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOING.

I WAS A LITTLE KID--I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO LOOK LIKE A BIG SHOT IN FRONT OF ALL MY FRIENDS.

--I REMEMBER I WAS GOING TO LISTEN TO THE *INDIANS* GAME ON THE RADIO...

I ACTUALLY BROUGHT MY FATHER'S NAZI STUFF INTO SCHOOL FOR *SHOW AND TELL*.

IT HAPPENED THREE DAYS LATER, COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL--

TRIO

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

2+ ARITHMETIC

THEY CALLED OUT TO ME--

--THEY SHOWED ME HOW COOL THEIR SEDAN WAS...

...THIS WAS AMERICA WHEN IT WAS STILL OKAY TO TALK TO **STRANGERS.**

WELL, WHAT EIGHT-YEAR OLD ISN'T GOING TO GO NUTS WHEN THEY SEE REAL G-MEN WITH GUNS AND BADGES AND EVERYTHING?

AFTER TALKING TO ME AFTER THREE DAYS, THEY STARTED ASKING ME QUESTIONS ABOUT DAD.

BUT I WAS TOO **SCARED** TO TELL THEM...

"NEVER TELL *ANYONE* ABOUT THE BASEMENT."

I REMEMBER HIM SAYING THAT AS HE *HIT* US AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY.

BUT I DID TELL, JILL... I DID...

...I WAS SCARED TO TALK, I WAS TOO SCARED NOT TO...

...AND I TOLD THEM... AND BECAUSE OF ME--I RUINED BOTH OF *OUR* LIVES--I RUINED BOTH OF *THEIR* LIVES...

JACKIE--IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT-- LOOK AT WHAT WE ENDED UP AVOIDING--

--A TOWN INFESTED WITH *HATE* AND *ANARCHY*--

--OUR LIVES WOULD HAVE BEEN *WORSE* IF WE HAD STAYED--I KNOW, JACK-- I KNOW BECAUSE I CAME *BACK*--

--BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO *STAY AWAY*--

"...AND I DIDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO *BLOW THE LID* ON THIS ENTIRE MISBEGOTTEN TOWN WHEN I COULD!

"*YOU* CARRY YOUR GUILT BECAUSE YOU *TALKED*, JACKIE--WELL, *I* CARRY MINE BECAUSE I *DIDN'T*.

"YOUR ACTIONS MAY HAVE RESULTED IN *SAVING* COUNTLESS LIVES. MY INACTION IS COSTING MORE OF THEM TO BE *LOST* EACH AND EVERY DAY...

WHO SENT YOU?

NO ONE.

KRAK

DON'T LIE TO ME!

NOW TELL ME WHO SENT YOU HERE, GIRL.

I'D *HATE* FOR PERFECTLY GOOD *BREED STOCK* TO BE DAMAGED BECAUSE OF *STUBBORNNESS*.

SO--?

I--I CAN'T--

SURE YOU CAN...

THWUMP

A LAST NAME-- THAT'S ALL--WE'LL FIGURE THE REST OUT OURSELVES.

HE HAS MY BABY DAUGHTER--HE'LL HURT HER IF I DIDN'T COME HERE--

AND I *WILL* HURT YOU IF YOU DON'T. TOUGH CHOICE, HUH?

I CAN'T--MY DAUGHTER--

--HAS JUST *LOST* HER MOTHER!

WASHINGTON, D.C.

BUCKY COOS AT THE MOON, A TRICKLE OF SPITTLE DRIBBLES DOWN HER CHIN.

I WIPE IT OFF WITH MY SHIRT CUFF.

A TWO-HUNDRED DOLLAR ARMANI SILK DROOL CLOTH.

I SEE THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY REFLECTED IN HER EYES, AND IN THEM, THE WORLD IS A BEAUTIFUL AND INNOCENT PLACE.

...BUT THE TOY IS BROKEN, AND I'VE CHOSEN MYSELF AS THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR GLUING IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

THE FUTURE IS A TOY FOR HER TO PLAY WITH...

NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES TO PUT THE SHATTERED PIECES IN PLACE--AND NO MATTER HOW MANY OF THE PIECES GET LOST IN THE SHUFFLE.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, I'VE BEEN THIS AMORAL, ARBITER OF THIS WORLD'S POLITICAL DIRECTION.

WHEN DO I CALL MY OWN MARKERS DUE? WHEN DOES THE FAVOR BANKER PAY THE BANK THE CREDIT HE OWES?

WHEN DOES GISCARD EPURER PAY PENANCE FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE?

EIGHT MILES OUTSIDE OF LANGLEY, VIRGINIA...

NO TRESPASSING
PRIVATE PROPERTY

NO TRESPASSING

NO TRESPASS
PRIVATE PROP

WONDER IF THEY PUT UP ENOUGH "NO TRESPASSING" SIGNS.

RIDICULOUS. AS IF A TEN-YEAR-OLD RUSTED THROUGH PADLOCK COULD KEEP AN EXPERIENCED FIBBIE OUT.

PLACE HAS MORE DUST ON IT THAN TITO JACKSON'S CAREER.

THIS WORKS FOR ME ON A WHOLE THEMATIC LEVEL, TOO.

YOU KNOW, THE IDEA ABOUT **HIDING** ALL OUR **SECRETS** BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

STORAGE

I'M SURE. **COLD** STORAGE.

ALL THE THINGS THAT **DONAHUE** LIVES FOR.

NEGLECTING THE **TRUTH** ABOUT WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THIS COUNTRY.

ME? ALL I KNOW IS THAT THIS MORNING, I WAS OFFICIALLY UNOFFICIALLY ORDERED TO **KILL** JACK MONROE.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE **RED FLAG** TO GO UP FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS NOW, AND IT'S SOMETHING I REALLY **DON'T** WANT TO DO.

THE QUESTION OL' **VERNON HATCHWAY, FBI**, HAS HAD TO ASK HIMSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN THE LAST FEW DAYS IS--

--HOW DO YOU KILL MONROE **WITHOUT** KILLING HIM?

AND THE ONLY ANSWER I COULD COME UP WITH WAS **THIS** ONE.

PUT HIM BACK IN THE **WOMB**.

PUT JACK MONROE **BACK** WHERE HE WAS FIRST **REBORN** INTO THIS WORLD.

AND GIVE HIM THE ONE THING HE **DESERVES** MOST OF ALL--

--A CHANCE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN.

I THOUGHT IT WAS A CHANCE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN.

I WAS IN A FOSTER HOME IN CONNECTICUT. I WAS GOING TO A GOOD SCHOOL. I WAS STARTING TO HAVE A NORMAL LIFE AGAIN--

--AND I RAN HEADLONG INTO FATE.

WHOUMPH

LOOKS LIKE YOU DROPPED SOMETHING THERE, SON.

YEAH-- MY COMIC BOOKS--BUT I SWEAR, I WASN'T READIN' 'EM IN CLASS OR ANYTHING!

WELL, SINCE I'M A TEACHER HERE, I'M SUPPOSED TO DISAPPROVE OF THESE THINGS...

--THEY LEAD TO JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, YOU KNOW--

--BUT SEEING AS HOW THEY'RE CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS, HOW CAN I COMPLAIN?

YOU LIKE CAP? HE'S MY FAVORITE!

HE WAS ALWAYS MY FAVORITE AS WELL, SON.

SOME OF THE GUYS HERE CALL ME BUCKY, 'CAUSE I'M ALWAYS READIN' ABOUT CAP.

WELL, I'M SURE THERE ARE WORSE NICKNAMES YOU COULD BE CALLED.

I BET. THANKS, MR. UMM--

CALL ME STEVE.

AND THAT'S HOW I GOT INVOLVED WITH THE GUY WHO 'BECAME THE CAPTAIN AMERICA OF THE FIFTIES.

I MEAN, I AS MUCH AS PUSHED HIM TO BECOME CAP, SO THAT I COULD BECOME HIS BUCKY.

IT'S ABSOLUTELY AMAZING!

I MEAN, I HAD A CRUSH ON MY OWN BROTHER WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER AND DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT!

IT ALWAYS SEEMED TOO -- COINCIDENTAL -- THAT I ENDED UP AT THE SAME SCHOOL AS HE DID.

WELL, IF THE GOVERNMENT ACTUALLY DID WANT THAT GUY TO BECOME CAP, WHAT BETTER CHOICE TO BE HIS PARTNER THAN YOU?

HOW DO YOU MEAN?

-- THINK OF THE COVERAGE THEY COULD HAVE GAINED FROM THAT ONE, EVENTUALLY.

I'M SORRY, JACK-- I DIDN'T MEAN THAT THE WAY IT CAME OUT...

YOU WERE THE PERFECT ALL-AMERICAN BOY FOR THE MCCARTHY ERA.

YOU TURNED IN YOUR OWN PARENTS FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY--

I KNOW WHAT I DID, JILL--I KNOW HOW IT HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE--

--BUT I WAS A LITTLE BOY--

I KNOW, JACK--I KNOW.

EXIT

IT WAS *THEIR* FAULT--OUR PARENTS, AND EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN TOWN.

I WAS *BORN* INTO THIS, JACK--JUST LIKE YOU WERE WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE--

EXIT

--BUT YOU--YOU'RE THE *SPARK*, JACK--JUST LIKE YOU WERE WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE--

--YOU'RE THE SPARK THAT CAN START THE *FIRE*--

--AND *BURN* THIS *ENTIRE* PLACE TO THE GROUND!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, JILL?

YOU WERE IN A FOSTER HOME AS FAR AWAY FROM CLUTIER AS I WAS!

HOW DID WE BOTH END UP BACK *HERE*?

I LIVED IN *CALIFORNIA*. I'D GRADUATED COLLEGE UP IN SACRAMENTO.

THEY FOUND ME BEFORE I'D HAD A CHANCE TO GET *MARRIED*--GET SETTLED DOWN.

THE *CHILDREN OF CLUTIER*--ALL GROWN UP NOW--

--AND READY TO *CARRY ON* WITH THE *PLAN*.

WHAT PLAN?

WE WERE GOING TO BE THE GENERATION THAT WAS GOING TO *LIGHT* THE MATCH.

NOT *DEEP* INSIDE I DON'T, JACK...

...BUT IT'S HARD TO FIGHT AGAINST A LIFETIME'S WORTH OF TEACHING.

THAT'S WHY *I* WANT *YOU* TO DO THE FIGHTING FOR *BOTH* OF US.

AN *ADDRESS*?

AND DIRECTIONS.

START A *RACE WAR* AND LEAD THIS COUNTRY TO A *PURITY* AND *UNITY* OF *SOCIAL VISION.*

AND YOU BUY INTO ALL OF THAT GARBAGE?

TO THE SUPREMACIST CAMP OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

AND SHE KNOWS THAT WHEN I WALK OUT THAT DOOR TO GO THERE...

...SHE'LL *NEVER* SEE ME AGAIN.

BY THE TIME I GET THERE, IT'S THREE IN THE MORNING.

ACTIVITY IS SLOW AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT. THE GOOD OL' BOYS NEED THEIR BEAUTY SLEEP.

IT SHOULD MAKE THE COMING SLAUGHTER A LITTLE EASIER TO ACCOMPLISH--

--AND TWICE AS DISTASTEFUL TO PERFORM.

STUN DISCS DO A GOOD ENOUGH JOB OF TAKING OUT THE FIRST TWO...

...AND STUPIDITY.

AND FROM THERE, I JUST GO SLOW...

...USING WHATEVER OPPORTUNITIES THEY GIVE ME...

...TAKES CARE OF THE THIRD ONE.

...LETTING THEM DO MOST OF THE HARD WORK FOR ME.

I FIGURED ALL ALONG THAT GETTING IN WAS GOING TO BE SMOOTHER THAN GETTING OUT--

--BECAUSE THE ONLY EXIT DOOR OUT OF THIS PLACE HAS BLOOD ALL OVER IT.

SO I'LL AVOID THE REALLY DIRTY STUFF FOR AS LONG AS I CAN--

--BECAUSE KILLING THEM ALL ISN'T THE ANSWER TO THIS MESS.

IT'S JUST A CHEAP WAY OF SKIPPING OVER THE QUESTIONS.

FLASHLIGHT?

JUST A QUICK PEEK TO SEE IF JILL'S INFORMATION WAS ACCURATE, AND I'M IN THE FILE ROOM.

A DROP OF SOMETHING HITS MY FACE--

--SPLATTERS ON MY LIPS--

--COPPERY TASTE--

--BLOOD.

BUCKY'S MOM.

I NEVER EVEN LEARNED HER NAME.

I GUESS THE ONLY WAY TO ANSWER THAT ONE IS TO MAKE SURE I WALK OUT OF THIS PLACE ALIVE...

EPURER CAN MANIPULATE PEOPLE TO JUMP THROUGH AS MANY HOOPS AS HE'D LIKE, BUT HE NEVER HAS TO DEAL WITH THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ACTIONS.

IF SHE'S DEAD, AND I'M ON MY WAY TO JOINING HER, WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF BUCKY?

WHAM

--JUST RAN INTO ME.

KLIK

IT'S HER *OWN* FAULT, YOU KNOW. SHE WOULDN'T TALK.

ALTHOUGH SOMETHING TELLS ME WHATEVER **SHE** RAN INTO--

IT'S LIKE LOOKING AT YOURSELF IN ONE OF THOSE TWISTED **CIRCUS MIRRORS.**

I LOOK UP AT THE **MOUNTAIN** IN FRONT OF ME, AND ALL I CAN THINK IS THAT I'M SEEING THE JACK MONROE THAT **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN.

I WON'T *LIE* AND TELL YOU HER DEATH WAS *PAINLESS.*

AND I WON'T EVEN *PRETEND* YOURS WILL BE, EITHER.

SEE, I GOT THIS *GUN* FROM A *FRIEND* OF MINE--IT'S KIND OF **COOL,** ACTUALLY.

SEE-- WHERE I THINK *IT* SHOOTS.

AND I'M STANDING HERE, THINKING, *ONE FINGER* AT A TIME.

SHOOT OFF ONE FINGER AT A TIME.

AND *THEN* I THINK I'LL WORK MY WAY UP FROM THERE!

TELL ME, JACK-- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?!

THRIP THRIP THRIP THRIP THRIP THRIP

HONESTLY? I THINK IT STINKS.

BUT I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH PART STINKS WORSE--

--THE FACT THAT I'M ON THE RECEIVING END OF THAT S%#^ING GUN I HATE SO MUCH--

--OR THE FACT THAT IT'S A BUTCHER LIKE THIS GUY "SQUEEZING" THE CYBERNETIC TRIGGER!

AND I CAN SEE THE LOOK IN HIS EYES-- I KNOW IT'S THE LOOK I HAD A YEAR AGO--

--HE IS THE GUN, THE GUN IS HIM.

THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM THAT FEELING, EITHER.

IT DIDN'T BLEED ITSELF OUT OF ME UNTIL I HAD BLED EVERY ONE OF MY TARGETS DRY OF THEIR LIVES.

BUT THIS GUY IS DIFFERENT.

AND THEN I REGRETTED EVER HAVING WANTED TO BECOME A WALKING WEAPON.

HE'S NOT GOING TO HAVE ANY DOUBTS OR REGRETS--

--THIS GUY IS EXACTLY WHY INGRID HAD THE NEW CYBERNETIC GUN MADE--

--THIS IS A MAN WHO THINKS ABOUT KILLING THE WAY OTHER PEOPLE DO ABOUT WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO WEAR THAT DAY.

CHANGES CARTRIDGES THE WAY YOU CHANGE SOCKS.

DIRTY DEATH EQUALS DIRTY LAUNDRY.

AND HE'S THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO CLEAN THE COUNTRY UP.

NO MATTER WHO OR WHAT GETS IN HIS WAY.

AND THE **SADDEST** PART OF IT IS...

...**THAT** IN TOO MANY OF THE WAYS THAT MATTER...

...**HE'S** NO DIFFERENT FROM **ME.**

WHICH MEANS, I GUESS, IT'S ABOUT TIME WE PUT A STOP TO **BOTH** OF US, ISN'T IT?

I'VE BEEN CARRYING THE **DISC** WITH THE PROGRAMMING FROM THE **ORIGINAL** SUPER-SOLDIER GUN, SINCE THE FIRST AND LAST TIME THE GUN WAS USED.

YUP. BUT WE'LL START WITH **HIM** FIRST.

THRIP THRIP THRIP

NOW, THEY **MAY** HAVE COMPLETELY RECONFIGURED THE SYSTEMS WHEN THEY REBUILT THE GUN--

--BUT WE **ARE** TALKING ABOUT THE SAME **MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT** WHICH HAS A BOOK OF STANDARDS ON **TOILET SEAT** SIZES--

--SO I'M THINKING ODDS ARE, MY DISC WILL BE COMPATIBLE WITH THIS **HARD-DRIVE**--

--AND I GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT--

--AS SOON AS I INSERT THE DISC--

ENOUGH!

THAT'S IT, NOMAD. IT'S OVER.

CLIK

MUSIC TO MY EARS COMPARED TO "THRIP."

CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK

THE&^%$ING GUN IS JAMMED--?!

NO. THE %$#^ING GUN HAS BEEN *REPROGRAMMED.*

THE DISC I PUT INTO THE SYSTEM'S HARD-DRIVE CAUSED THE PROGRAM TO *CRASH.*

YOU DON'T CONTROL THE GUN ANY MORE.

MAYBE NOT *THIS* ONE... BUT I STILL CONTROL ALL OF *THESE.*

CLIK

CHIK

CHIK

CHIK

CHIK

GOOD POINT.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

...ALSO KNOWN AS THE **BASEMENT**--

INSIDE THE ADMINISTRATIVE FILING SYSTEMS OF THE **COMMISSION ON SUPER-HUMAN ACTIVITY**...

--GOVERNMENT PSYCHIATRIST **ANDIE SHERMAN** AND SHIELD AGENT **JACK NORRIS** CONTINUE DIGGING INTO JACK MONROE'S SHADY PAST...

HERE, JACK! I GOT SOMETHING!

WHAT?

IT WAS ALL A SETUP! AFTER THE ***NAZI RING*** WAS TAKEN DOWN IN CLUTIER--

--THE ***McCARTHY*** COMMISSION WORKED WITH ***HOOVER*** AND THE ***FBI*** TO SET JACK MONROE UP TO BECOME THE NEXT ***BUCKY!***

AND ACCORDING TO THESE FILES, THEY KNEW THAT THEIR SUPER-SOLDIER TREATMENT WOULD LEAD THEM BOTH TO BECOME ***UNSTABLE.***

THESE ***SENTINELS OF LIBERTY*** WERE DESIGNED TO ROB "THOSE THREATS TO THE INTEGRITY OF THE U.S.A." OF THEIR FREEDOM-- ***PERMANENTLY!***

AND NOW THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO GET WHAT THEY WANT.

BECAUSE WHEN THE ***OLD MEN*** IN THIS TOWN DECIDE THEY WANT THEIR BUTTS ***COVERED,*** THEY GET THEM COVERED--

--EVEN IF-- ***ESPECIALLY*** IF-- IT MEANS ***JACK MONROE IS GOING TO DIE!***

NEXT: **THE DREAM *DIES!***

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — SCOTT MARSHALL: ASSISTANT EDITOR
C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

Dear One For The Road,

I'm 23 years old and this is the first time I've written a letter to one of your publications. NOMAD is one of my favorite comics.

I've followed the adventures of Jack Monroe for two years now. And though he may not be a flashy super-powered mutant, or a caped crusader of the night, he's held my fascination in a way most other characters do not.

He is a man, a man who brings understanding, caring, and hope for those of us who are tired of all the over-powered remorseless killers who pass themselves off as heroes in today's market. So I ask you to keep NOMAD on the comic shelves.

If this letter comes too late, thanks for everything.

Mark Gentry
2340 Lakeside Terrace
Lenoir, NC 28645

Thanks for writing, Mark. And this probably won't be the first time we say it in this letters column, but unfortunately, NOMAD's canceled.

Dear Nomadic Ones,

DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD! DO NOT END NOMAD!

Charlie Miller
(Address Withheld By Request)

Sorry, Charlie. WE ARE ENDING NOMAD! WE ARE ENDING NOMAD! WE ARE ENDING NOMAD! WE ARE ENDING NOMAD! WE ARE ENDING NOMAD!

Dear NOMAD Editors,

I can't believe you're giving the multiple Scott Ziemba award-winning title the ax. I happen to think that NOMAD is one of the best books out on the market. It's a shame that people would rather read about one-dimensional, gun-toting vigilantes with multiple books than trying this superb title.

Rest in peace, Jack.

Ben Herman
45 Runyon Place
Scarsdale, NY 10583

What an ironic closing, Ben! Why, it's almost like you've already read next issue.

Dear Mr. Herdling,

No. This can't be happening. NOMAD is canceled?

But..but...but..(1)what will happen to Bucky? (2)Will the government ever leave Jack alone? (3)What will be the fate of the Favor Broker?

Craig Ronsmans
1344 Reed Street
Green Bay, WI 54303

NOMAD is canceled. It is happening. But, but, but in answer to your questions, Craig...(1) Bucky goes on to get a bad reputation for constantly getting on people's backs. (2) Does the government ever leave anyone alone? (3) He'll be broken.

Dear Glenn,

NOMAD's end. I saw it coming.

Jeff Kranson
58 Devon Drive
Glendale HTS., IL 60139

We'd respond, Jeff, but you probably already know what we'd say, too.

Dear One For The Road,

It's hard to believe NOMAD is gone. I feel like a huge part of my heart was ripped from me when I read the little blue column at the back of NOMAD #21. I would like to thank you for every book Nomad and Bucky appeared in. A friend recently asked me if I'd ever sell my collection of NOMAD. I said, "No."

Mike Payne
H9b208
116 Angora place
Montreal, Quebec
Canada

Thanks, Mike. We're all kind'a choked up about what's gonna happen next issue.

Dear People Who Want To Cancel Nomad,

Are you guys crazy? This is a one of a kind book. If Fabian doesn't have time to write it, get someone else. It is sad that all the good books, the ones that make you think, are cancelled. I have followed Jack since day-one. I just hate to see the guy fall into limbo.

Jim R. Simmons
350 Baldwin Road
Apartment D-10
Parsippany, NJ 07054

Jim. He's not going to fall into limbo. He's going to fall into...oops, almost gave it away. Oh, and we don't want to cancel this book. We all wanted to see it succeed.

Dear Glenn and Co.,

I owe you guys some thanks. NOMAD #20 provided a welcome respite from my skull-splitting fever. Even with Nick Fury and the X-Force castoffs, Jack still steals the proverbial show. That says something. The true mark of a good NOMAD issue is when Jack leaves a town with everyone in it fuming. Good show, Fabian.

Stupid question time: how did Domino's top stay on on Page 9?

Harry Simon
604 Sea Pines Lane
Las Vegas, NV 89107

Ummm...selective gravity? Anyhow, thanks for writing Harry. You can't know how nice it was to respond to a letter without having to mention that NOMAD is canceled...uh...oops.

Dear Nomads,

Say it ain't so, Glenn!?! I keep rereading the letters page in NOMAD #21. And it keeps saying "NOMAD will be canceled as of issue #25."

Rick Gelzleichter
1207 Elmwood Ave.
Fort Wayne. IN 46805

Thanks for writing, Rick. We're not exactly sure how to respond. Is your surprise the fact that NOMAD is canceled? Or, the fact that the letters page reads the same way every time you read it?

Dear Road Crew,

If I were Scott Ziemba, I'd give an award for both Nomad #19 and #20.

Katherine Keller
820 Alene Avenue
Ridgecrest, CA 93555

Ya know, Katherine? I think all of us at some time or another wished we were Scott Ziemba. Thanks for the compliment.

Be here next month for the last issue of NOMAD. It's a tale that just might be called "Road's End."